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MODERN LANGUAGE NOTES.

Baltimore, December, 1896.

RICHARDSON AND ROUSSEAU.

At a time when the cosmopolitan spirit is, perhaps, more marked than ever before in literary history, it is peculiarly interesting to study its beginnings in the oldest, and for centuries, the most independent of European literatures. Up to the eighteenth century there is little of the cosmopolitan spirit anywhere. The Latin literatures do indeed interpenetrate one another, and the materials of much of the early poetry of Germany and England can be traced to French or Italian sources. It was natural that these younger literatures should first feel the influence of the older and maturer ones and so should be first to illustrate the gain and also the loss in the crossing of races, but doubtless the Latin peoples would have held aloof still longer from their northern sisters had it not been for the very thing that was meant to segregate them, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. For this measure sent into exile, and chiefly to England, some of the sturdiest elements of French nationality, and those who had been expelled by a bodily tyranny, carrying with them a chastening rather than a chastened patriotism, returned in the winged words of a moral and æsthetic revolution.

One of the phases of this change, the influence of English novelists on the literature and life of France in the eighteenth century and our own, has recently been made the subject of detailed study by M. Texte in his "Rousseau and the Origins of Literary Cosmopolitanism."¹ From the documentary evidences that he has gathered, it is no longer difficult to see how the mind of France was prepared to receive the message of Richardson and why certain qualities in his work impressed the French more than they did the English and more than did the fiction of his contemporaries, Fielding and Smollett, who with Sterne and Goldsmith were not long in eclipsing his glory at home. We can see also more

clearly than before the influence of Richardson on his French contemporaries, and especially on the "New Héloïse" by which the jealous Rousseau first won universal applause and handed down the spirit of Richardson interpenetrated with his own, to the once admired novels of Madame de Staël and the still quivering romances of the young George Sand. Nor does his indirect influence end even here. It has been fruitful in introducing sometimes unconsciously into the French mind that helpful principle so clearly expressed by Renan that

"the Gallic race to produce what is in it, needs to be fructified by the Germanic. Such reciprocal intercourse" he continues "is the principle of our modern civilization, the cause of its superiority and the best guarantee of its permanence."

Hence the peculiar interest that must always attach to its first manifestations in France.

The sixteenth century had been preëminently humanistic. The ideals of its art were in the classical past while its ethics wavered between Pagan and Christian antiquity. Under these conditions there might be, probably would be, a close bond between the representatives of culture in France, Germany and England, but the phases of that culture that were distinctively French, German or English would affect foreign thought but little. There could be no true cosmopolitanism until the national characteristics of each race had become marked in its work. This was the part of the seventeenth century, both in France and in England. Then at the opportune moment the Edict of Nantes was revoked and the tide of French emigration completed the circuit for the alternating currents of culture.

French Huguenots were as much enemies of humanism as of Catholicism. They found in England a kindred spirit, restless, industrious, investigating, protestant, and it was probably not without a certain malicious pleasure that they set about transplanting this spirit to France under the more or less honest belief that the crossing of races and intellects would improve the stock, but also as the most subtle and efficient answer in their power to the *brutum fulmen* of the dragonnades.

¹ Jean-Jacques Rousseau et les origines du cosmopolitisme littéraire, étude sur les relations littéraires de la France et de l'Angleterre au xviii siècle, par Joseph Texte. Paris, 1895.

It is curious to trace the gradual steps in the transformation of the feeling of cultured France toward England during the next fifty years. Late in the seventeenth century the English appeared to Madame de Motteville as "savage barbarians" and to M. de Saumaise as "more savage than their dogs," and there is no lack of evidence that the English returned these appreciations in their usual blunt kind. But before Voltaire had published his *English Letters* in 1735, sober men were already accusing the French of Anglomania, and that book did but accelerate a current made up of an aggregation of individually insignificant writers, who industriously preached the sweet simplicity of sensational philosophy and the praise of the English constitution. The press labors under the mass of their translations, the literary journalism of Holland, that curious sign of the times, teems with their reviews and the Huguenot colony ventures, now and then, on independent production also.

Political conditions favored the movement. The peaceful dignity that followed the victories of Marlborough could not but impress the imagination of those whose eyes were pained by the too obvious decay of their own monarchy under its child-king and profligate regent. Into the nidus of this disorganization Free-Masonry came from England to nestle and grow, almost immediately, into the centre of a far-reaching philosophical and political propagandism. English science, too, began to attract the admiration that it richly deserved. The more frequent French travelers made the meetings of the Royal Society and the homes of English philosophers the objects of admiring pilgrimage, until at last Muralt in his *English Letters*, published possibly as early as 1724, though himself half French and half German, tells his Swiss compatriots that the English mind is superior to that of their cousins of France.

The tension of literary curiosity is witnessed by the translation of almost all the contemporary English works that we now regard as classic. One may mention as the product of a single year, 1714, Addison's *Cato* and *The Spectator*, and Pope's *Essay on Criticism*. *Robinson Crusoe* was translated in 1720, *the Tale of a Tub* in 1721 and *Gulliver* in 1727.

In return for these, that there might be an equal feast, Motteux was revealing the healthy naturalism of Rabelais to the English. Thus the ground was both plowed and harrowed when the ex-abbé Prévost, the most popular novelist of France, yielded of his own accord the palm to Richardson, and abandoned original composition to translate the works of his contemporary for the gratification of the insatiate sentimentality of his countrywomen and not a few of his countrymen.

To realize that sentimentality one need only consider the novels of the translator himself, and especially *Manon Lescaut*, which in modern eyes would probably outrank any of Richardson's. Personally Prévost was very far from a worthy man, but his name and fame drew an attention to Richardson that was accorded to no other English writer, though it might be hard to find a stranger contrast than that between the tea-and-toast English bookseller and the clerical French Bohemian. Prévost had been twice in England and twice segregated from his countrymen there by his lax living. Thus he was brought into closer contact with English life and ways than any of his fellows, while the necessities of his position compelled him to seek a livelihood from translations that gave him a control of the language unsurpassed in depth and subtlety in his day. So he gradually acquired a cosmopolitan taste and style, and most of his own novels are not only exotic in their scenes but in their ethics.

His admiration for England was more contagious than discriminating. *Hamlet* might seem to him a "strange rhapsody" and the *Tempest* a "ridiculous piece" but he admired Otway, Dryden and Congreve. The democratic mingling of classes made the English coffee-houses appear to him "thrones of liberty." "Oh! happy isle," he exclaims and goes off in a page of dithyrambs to this home of blissful hyperboreans. He finds food for admiration even in the prize-ring, "a school where youth is trained to fearlessness, to the contempt of death and wounds," though not, it would seem, to the contempt of Tunbridge Wells, at whose rather promiscuous balls *grisettes* elbowed duchesses. For, writes the ex-abbé,

"if this charming place had existed at the time of the ancients they would not have said that Venus and the Graces made their abode at Cytherea."

His readers, however, shared his catholicity of taste, and he tells us himself with some complacency, that his novels contributed essentially to shake the confident pride of France in its fancied social and intellectual hegemony, while fostering also, though timidly, an admiration for the "state of nature," à la Rousseau, and for that "natural religion" that skims the deepening blue of its faith till little remains but the deism of a Savoyard Vicar. It is clear, however, that Prévost marks a decided advance on Marivaux in fixing the character and developing the resources of romantic fiction.

While he was thus occupied in commending England to his readers by example in his novels, and by precept in his critical review, Voltaire's *English Letters* came, in 1735, to turn his lukewarm converts into enthusiasts; for that shrewd man had masked his attack on religion, for which the time was not ripe, by insinuating in his glowing eulogy of England and English philosophy, a skepticism which indeed had been anticipated, and even exceeded, by the frank Bayle, whose bread cast on the waters now returned, not with increase, but like rich wine more palatable for its age. Prévost probably had no such *arrière pensée*. It was doubtless only a generous literary impulse that led him, on the appearance of *Pamela*, to devote the rest of his life to establishing his rival's fame, a magnanimity almost unique among the "curiosities of literature."

What was it that attracted Prévost, and with him all France and Germany, to novels that we are fain to read now, if we read them at all, in heroic condensations, while most of us still delight in *Tom Jones* and some of us still enjoy *Roderick Random*? And then, what made the Paris of 1750 cast itself with delight into the vortex of Richardson, while it raised its eyebrows at Fielding and viewed Smollett with alarm? Nothing in the life of Richardson, that dumpy, dapper, delicate, rosy, prim, precise, vain and rather effeminate tradesman, will explain the phenomenon. He was past fifty when he set out with the praiseworthy, though somewhat philistine, intention of writ-

ing "a little volume of letters in common style on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves," when suddenly he found himself a famous novelist and the author of *Virtue Rewarded*. Such at least is the legend of *Pamela*, though probably Richardson knew not only what he was trying to do but also that Marivaux, who was then highly esteemed in England, had attempted something very like it, though he had dealt by preference with the aristocratic *salons*, of which till then Richardson had had but little experience, and in dealing with which he was never successful. He was shrewd enough to know his limitations, and could by no means be induced to leave the path he had come upon so happily. Therefore, though *Clarissa* is no doubt his best work, its qualities are so essentially those of *Pamela* and *Grandison*, that it will not be misleading to speak of them together.

All of them are novels of contemporary society, attempts to mirror the life of the squirarchy and the *bourgeoisie* under the normal conditions of everyday English life. They are thoroughly realistic. *Clarissa* has pages as sordid as any of *L'Assommoir*, as crass as any of Fielding or Smollett, though without the former's keen wit or the latter's rollicking humor. There is throughout an interest in minute detail that seems prophetic of the palmy days of the "human document," though Richardson never attains the architectural massiveness of Zola. He is quite too apt, as Walpole said, "to drown himself in a tea-spoon for eagerness to get to the bottom." Keats remarked his unique "power of making mountains out of molehills" and Leslie Stephens saw in him a type of "our common English clumsiness." His eagerness to tell it all, when he has very little to tell save thoughts and hopes and fears, results in a "naturalism" as realistic, but also as wearisome, as the gossip of a country village or even of a German *Kaffee-klatsch*. Like coral polyps he is ever laboriously accumulating huge masses of the individually insignificant. His very method of self-revelation by letters helped to make him fall on the side to which he inclined, though in artistic hands, this is perhaps best suited of all novelistic processes to delicate psychic analysis.

Here is Richardson's strength. He sees his characters more clearly and presents them more soberly than Fielding. His psychology is more subtle though his exposition is less brilliant. No male character of this novelistic generation is stronger than Lovelace, whose canting morgue and grossness were not so much typically English as typical of the time, with their counterpart in the Valmont of the *Liaisons Dangereuses* and their belated echoes in Stendhal and Baudelaire. Noteworthy, too, as companion pieces to Squire Western, are the stern, choleric and coarse Harlowes; but in general the women in his novels are more varied in their characteristics and more keenly analyzed than his men, as was perhaps natural in one, whose nature, like Rousseau's, was essentially feminine. He has caught admirably in *Clarissa*, and hardly less so in *Pamela*, the ingrained Puritan religious sentiment, that "steadiness of mind" as *Clarissa* calls it, which French readers found a welcome relief from the capriciousness of Marivaux' *Marianne* or Prévost's *Manon*. They found also the fascination of novelty in the truly English instinct of decorum and respectability, and their own Catholicism was too languid to overcome a curious interest in these types of Protestant character which have become nearly as foreign to us as they were to them. Today his narratives have lost their interest, but French readers of 1750 were not wrong in admiring a talent that first made the novel capable of carrying ideas.

For, indeed, there is in all Richardson's work a pervading moral seriousness which is not cant and yet suggests it. He is by instinct a homilist, a curate of souls. His heroines write to teach us, his villains to warn us by their examples. He hopes to 'persuade a generation of virtuous young ladies to seek, like Pamela, their happiness, in this world and in the next, by diligently learning "the making of jellies, comfits, sweetmeats, marmalades, cordials, and to pot and candy and preserve," while holding themselves dutifully in readiness for an hour's "agreeable conversation" with their husbands; that hedged in their prim Puritanism, like *Clarissa*, they may "never look upon any duty, much less a voluntary one with indifference;" that like

Harriet they may be rewarded with a *Grandison*, "good upon principle in every relation of life," a man who carries decorum quite over the verge of parody, "beaming with joy at having practiced all his virtues" and reflecting his smug self-righteousness in a social circle so wearisomely correct that one almost pines for *Clarissa's* prison.

But behind this didactic purpose there is a new ideal of womanhood, not without its nobility, nor without novelty, at least in France. For the fiction of adventure and curiosity he substituted the study of love and of morals, and because he was first to do this, he was, as Goethe said, the father of the modern novel throughout Europe. He redeemed from almost universal contempt a *genre* that Voltaire had not unjustly described as "the product of a weak mind writing with facility things unworthy to be read by serious men." With him and his fellows the novel became "the *épopée* of the modern world." And among them the French chose him for their peculiar model, not because his talent was greatest but because it was most cosmopolitan.

In England Richardson soon had successful rivals; not so on the Continent. In Germany the enthusiasm rose rapidly to fever heat. Klopstock begs to be attached to the Danish embassy in London that he may be within the sphere of Richardson's personality. Madame Klopstock writes to the author of *Clarissa* that "there remains for him only to tell the story of an angel." Prévost declares that no work of his own had given him such delight as *Clarissa*, and certainly no work of his own added more to his fame in France than his translations of Richardson. D'Argenson proclaimed *Grandison* "a new Christ," Marmontel thought this character "rare and marvelous," and the whole book "a masterpiece of the sanest philosophy." Diderot composed for Richardson's death an eloquent and dithyrambic eulogy of this "second Homer"; Rousseau himself did not scruple to call *Clarissa* the finest novel ever written, and even before this *Pamela* had been continued, copied, dramatized and discussed by the greatest French critics of the time. In vain the saner wits parodied, and Voltaire, grown cautious, raised a warning voice against what he

now declared to be a "jumble of futilities." All was in vain. Only Antony could conquer Antony and, even so, it was long before Rousseau's *Héloïse* had eclipsed Richardson's *Clarissa*. The women turned thirstily, the men impatiently, from the dallying of Marivaux, and the sentimental lubricity of *Manon Lescaut*, as they had already done from the picaresque naturalism of *Gil Blas*, to this surely purer, if not greater talent.

For Richardson's ruling ideas accorded with the prevailing tone of French society in 1750 as they would hardly have done at any other period. Cartesian optimism, joined to the newly gained liberties in thought and ethics to produce a sort of sentimental emotional expansion, which might be opposed to their traditional orthodoxy but not, therefore, to the vague, because foreign, religiosity of the Englishman. Indeed they soon discovered that this temper was by no means inconsistent with the sentimental sensuality that they had admired in Marivaux and Prévost. Richardson had sought, as he says,

"in an epoch devoted to diversion and pleasure, to slip in surreptitiously, and to examine the great doctrines of Christianity under the worldly mask of an amusement."

The English, with Johnson at their head, swallowed devoutly the whole bolus. The French, and the Continent generally dwelt with delight on the ingenious iteration with which he enforced the commonplaces of universal ethics, and deftly exchanged the religious sympathy of Richardson for the religious curiosity of Voltaire. What has been said of Richardson is far more true of them, that among these predecessors of the Encyclopædists virtue had become "an investment at compound interest whose beneficiaries were disposed to congratulate themselves on the excellence of their business management," while Rousseau's effort "to purify by Christian morals the lessons of philosophy" drifts in the *New Héloïse* into a "vague lacrimosity" in which the edifying yields to the "beautifully pathetic."

The lukewarmness of the French Catholicity of the time may well have contributed to Richardson's success there. The social leaders, even among the ladies of fashion, had

abandoned their confessors, or listened to their spiritual directors with a languid condescension. But that exercise is said to have a certain fascination and here was a Protestant confessor, "a Christian casuist in fiction," as M. Texte says, whose characters committed their dubious cases to paper as fully, and at least as frankly, as ever French readers had been wont to whisper them, and treated the ticklish points with a casuistic minuteness worthy of a Suarez or a Molina. Possibly this very suppression of the confessional in England had called forth the introspective novel. Its lax administration certainly left a void in fashionable French society, and so they welcomed Richardson, till Rousseau with artful cynicism outbade his model by the added ragout of a veiled or an autobiographical confession, an effrontery to which his naturally jealous disposition was stirred by the chorus of applause that had hailed *Pamela* and *Clarissa*.

The extent of the literary evolution that they wrought was greater than would have been possible, even for them, if the people had not been ready and waiting for the new gospel. Richardson's moralizing as well as his love of detail is subjective, individualistic, and thus in direct contradiction to the French classical tradition which is objective and universal. But the earlier eighteenth century had already shown signs that it was restive under the humanistic teachings of Boileau and the School of 1660. It had shown itself ready to coquet, at least, if not quite to throw itself into the arms of the naturalism of the Renaissance, to abandon the self-restraint of the age of Louis XIV for the eager utterance of the age of Rabelais and Montaigne, and so by substituting the "sweet disorder" of independence for strict classical rule it was already preparing the way for the license and even for the orgies of literary Romanticism.

But Prévost contributed essentially to the influence of Richardson by his judicious editing. After a custom for which we have today, perhaps, too great an aversion, he pruned his original in the interest of what he thought "good taste," "softening the relics of ancient British grossness," and "reducing to the usages of all Europe those of England that

might shock other nations." Richardson protested, but he was ungrateful. No author could bear the process better than he who had no style to lose and no taste to mar, whose over-ballasted craft sailed the better for being lightened of a third of its crudity and moralizing. The emotional ethics and general warmth of diffused sentiment that remained, suited precisely the delicate stomachs of the Savoyard Vicar's generation, who were moralists also, after their kind, and as willing as Dr. Johnson to take *Clarissa* for their "secular breviary," and to study in all good faith that index to its moral maxims that Richardson had so thoughtfully provided. "We may be dupes of French politics," wrote Horace Walpole, "but the French are ten times sillier than we to be dupes of our virtues."

For dupes they certainly were. It was not studious travelers who had persuaded this generation that in that happy Albion one found in peculiar measure "love of duty and tender respect for parents," that nature was "more energetic and fruitful" in Essex than in Beauce, that "passions were grander and more tragic" in London than in Rome, and "the English village girl a sort of celestial creature." This England was a mirage, made up of many factors, of which the chief were surely the novels of Richardson. But among those who shared this vision was one whose erratic genius was a torch, lighting here, destroying there, and enflaming the moral world.

That man was Rousseau. A child of Protestant Geneva he sympathized with English ideals before he knew them, though Muralt's rosy parallel between France and England fell into his hands just in time to leave its impress deep in the *New Héloïse*, an impress corrected by the melancholy disillusion of his own visit nine years later. At least we find no hint in his correspondence that his neighbors at Wootton in Derbyshire passed "English mornings" like those of the *New Héloïse* "gathered together and enjoying in silence at once the bliss of being united and the charm of meditation," a vision that took such hold on his fancy that he instructs the illustrator of his book to try to catch, if he can, their "immobility of ecstasy." It is not likely that he found there either those wonderful gardens where

art assisted nature to turn natural wildness into a nursery of sentimentality, though French gardeners had long confessed the charm of English parks.

Attracted by Muralt and jealous of Richardson, Rousseau, now the guest of Madame d'Épinay and an aspirant to a third of the affections of her sister-in-law, Madame d'Houdetot, profited by the prevailing Anglo-mania to turn his leisure and his experience to account in the *New Héloïse*, that "Midsummer Night's Dream of a private tutor" which has had a wider, deeper, and more prolonged influence on the minds of men and women than any other work of fiction. It is, therefore, at once just and important to draw up the account of Rousseau's original contribution to literature and of his debts to various predecessors.

From Richardson he took the epistolary form and the tone of the lay confessional to which it lent itself so readily. To him he owed the substitution of contemporary *bourgeois* characters for the romantic, chivalrous or burlesque heroes of earlier fiction, and it was from the English, though not from Richardson, that he drew Milord Edward, that

"great soul and sublime friend, in whose character of mingled sentiment and sense, Rousseau fancied that natural severity had not changed the natural humanity,"

a phlegmatic and philosophic prig, yet a lover withal and an admirer of the fine arts, a conception compounded of his readings in DeFoe, Pope, Addison, the dramatists and especially Lillo's *Merchant of London*; for Diderot, who was still his friend, had commended this play to him with great enthusiasm, and Diderot was regarded as an authority on England probably because he was the most extreme of the encyclopædists, to whom England appeared as a sort of incubator for natural philosophers.

To Richardson Rousseau owed also those prolix digressions on alms-giving, agriculture, on education, domestic economy, dueling and music, that seem a fault now but appeared a virtue to a generation fond of eloquence and of long sermons. Here in following Richardson he followed the taste of the time and also the bent of his own fancy. Far more attractive today are two other elements in the

New Héloïse that show the influence of England, though not of Richardson. These are its lyric melancholy and its sympathy with nature. Of the latter Richardson had probably the minimum that is possible to an embodied spirit, while Rousseau interpenetrates nature with character and character with environment in the spirit of true lyric idealism. Here, however, Thomson, Gray and Collins had preceded him, and he may have borrowed something from the Swiss pastoral poet Gessner also, whose popularity was then as wide and intense as his poems are insipid and monotonous. Lyric melancholy was natural to Rousseau, but he was aided in its utterance by Gray and Young, and the other sources of Ossian, with whom Rousseau joined to swell the flood of tears that reaches its highwater mark in Novalis, in *René*, *Adolphe* and *Obermann*. With Richardson's method, with his own "gift of tears" and lyric love of nature Rousseau transforms the novel into a poem by which, says M. Texte, this incomparable artist in words "renewed the very language to its depths."

But though Rousseau had *Clarissa* and possibly *Pamela* before him as he wrote, he had within him the experiences of passion nursed in a morbid brain till they had become ever present realities. He might go to England for Milord Edward. He went to himself for St. Preux, and poured into Julie and Claire his recollections of Mlle. de Galley and Mlle. de Graffenried, now fanned to new flame by the presence of Madame d'Houdetot and mingled with memories of Madame de Warens. And then to raise this study of love and friendship to the dignity that had exalted the novel in England, he gave to the whole a central purpose, the defence of the home and of Christianity against the sapping infidelity of this age of *philosophes* and *libertins*. Thus he introduced into it the inconsistencies of his own character, and produced a situation and a climax false to normal nature, though not without parallels in his day.

But whatever of his experience or of his controversies he might put into the *New Héloïse*, the parallel with *Clarissa* remained close enough to provoke comparison. The heroines were alike in their social situation and in their Protestantism. Miss Howe's re-

lations to Hickman are essentially those of d'Orbe and Claire. The Harlowes are only a little more crassly Philistine than the parents of Julie. Bomston is what Morden might aspire to become, and Wolmar has just as much of Lovelace as befits a purely intellectual libertine. Of course, therefore, critics constantly compared the books, but the verdict was not immediate nor unanimous. This may seem strange to a generation to whom Richardson has become a synonym for tediousness and Rousseau for eloquent intensity, but if the novels are judged by their moral teaching, their casuistic keenness or their psychological depth, Richardson's may claim at least the merit of priority. What has gradually won for the *New Héloïse* its unique position, is its intensely personal and lyric tone to which it educated a generation of admirers. By these artistic elements, Rousseau was able to give relative permanence to the radical break with the objective traditions of the classical school. A mere imitation of Richardson, or a school of imitators, would have produced only an eddy in the evolution of French fiction. But by grafting this foreign shoot on a French stock, by vivifying it with French sap, Rousseau broke at last the prestige of classical tradition. The *New Héloïse* is the first fruit of cosmopolitanism in France, the herald of the Romantic School.

But for this very reason the book was not at first understood in England nor appreciated in France. Gray thought it "more absurd and improbable than *Amadis of Gaul*," and a striking proof of how far such an extraordinary man as Rousseau "could be wholly mistaken as to his talents." Naturally, therefore, the French Anglomaniacs assumed a supercilious air. Grimm pronounced the *New Héloïse* "a bad copy," the Duchess of Lauzun found "a thousand times more delight in *Clarissa* than in *Julie*." Some blamed Rousseau's artificiality, others, like Ballanche, with catholic pathos, "wept equally over both," and this was the general attitude in France for some years during which Anglomania was nursed by the increase of international travel, especially among literary men until the American Revolution suspended these relations and the spirit of Rousseau piloted the heedless ship

of state toward the maelstrom of the Revolution.

Thus aided by the spirit of the time, the literature of the pre-Revolutionary generation becomes more emotional and individualistic, that is more lyric and more subjective. Rousseau becomes the prophet of the new era not in France alone, but in all Europe. Indeed the purely literary development of Rousseauism is at first more noteworthy among the German poets of the "Storm and Stress" than in France, where its progress was checked both by the jealous carping of Voltaire, in this as in most things a thorough conservative, and also by the recrudescence of an unreasoning admiration for the forms of Classical Antiquity. In Germany his portrait graced the severe study of Kant, Lessing confessed for him "a secret respect," while Herder proclaimed aloud his admiration for this "saint and prophet." At Strasbourg Goethe studied and excerpted his writings; to the young Schiller he was a "martyred Socrates." In England *Tristram Shandy*, and still more the *Sentimental Journey*, with their rambling confessions and astonishing "gift of tears," are a tribute to the *New Héloïse*, and in Cowper, Shelley and Byron the English from whom he had drawn so great a part of his inspiration delighted to do him honor. Even George Eliot could say that Rousseau had vivified her soul and aroused in her new faculties. And in France the eclipse was but partial and short. Robespierre had the *New Héloïse* constantly on his table, and forms his polished periods on the models of Rousseau. Bernardin de St. Pierre and Châteaubriand are hardly less his avowed pupils in literary art. With the latter's *Genius of Christianity*, with de Stael's *Literature* and her *Germany*, Rousseau's star is again in the ascendant, and with the Restoration, literary Rousseauism became an irresistible tendency. It was not for nothing that the flower of French culture had passed more than two decades in the very literary centres where the Huguenots had preceded them a century before. They returned from England and Germany bearing with them reinforcements to all the dormant elements of Romanticism. From 1814 there has been in Europe an unbroken cosmopolitan tradition.

BENJAMIN W. WELLS.

Seawane, Tenn.

THE DIALECT OF THE RIES. II. THE DIALECT.

THE dialect of the people of the Ries is Swabian, although somewhat influenced by the Frankish dialect or, as I should prefer to say, by the Frankish-Bavarian dialect, because the present Bavarian dialect includes besides Altbayern (Oberbayern, Niederbayern, and Regensburg) also some parts of the provinces Ober- and Mittel-Franken.¹¹

Formerly Frankish elements seem to have prevailed, at least in the speech of the educated. Not less than about sixteen per cent of the names of the villages in the Ries and its surroundings have the suffix *-heim* which originated with the Franks, who penetrated at the close of the fifth century into the south-western parts of Germany. Another common suffix is *-hausen* found in nearly five per cent of all the names of villages. This also is a Frankish characteristic.

The suffixes *-weiler* (O.H.G. *wilāri*, M.H. G. *wilære*, *wiler*) and *-hof*, on the other hand, are Alemannian, the latter however less than the former.¹² Comparatively few names of villages with these two last mentioned suffixes are found in the Ries, a fact which does not prove anything against the Alemannian origin of the early ancestors of the Rieser. Even if there were no other evidence, the modern dialect of the Ries would prove that the inhabitants are of Alemannian origin. Their dialect is Swabian, though it differs from other Swabian dialects.

On account of the frequency of the sibilants (*Zischlaute*), Frickhinger classifies the dialect of the Ries with those of Central Swabia, admitting that it was somewhat influenced by the Frankish-Bavarian dialect.¹³

Near the boundaries of Württemberg the doublets, which are so characteristic of the dialect of the Ries, are not so frequent as in other parts of the district. We hear besides *ale* more frequently *ele* (= *alle*); besides *Nearle*, *Nearleng*, etc. Near the Frankish boundary, in Oettingen, Laub, Kreuth, etc., the Frankish dialect naturally shows a slight influence, but

¹¹ Cf. Weinhold, *Bayr. Gram.* §2, p. 5.

¹² Cf. Mayer, *Ortsnamen im Ries*, pp. 7 ff.

¹³ Cf. *Beiträge zur Anthropologie und Urgeschichte Bayerns*, hrsg. von Ranke und Rüdinger., Vol. viii.